### Young Girl's Remark- Married After Thirty able Skill With a Rifle. Years of Waiting.

Sonla Wright Never Fired a Shot Before Last October, and Now She Is a Pronounced Marvel.

REFUBLIC SPECIAL.
Detroit, Mich., June 16.-Miss Sonia Wright of this city, who started yesterday on an exhibition tour through the West, is said by those who know her to be the most remarkable rifle-shot in the country.

Two years ago she was a teacher of clo-cution and physical culture in Detroit. She found the field overcrowded, and began



Miss Sonia Wright, shooting from her bicycle.

reading proof in the office of the Evening call at Lafayette, Ind. There she met the man who discovered her wonderful skill

John E. Long, assistant engineer of the Lafayette water works, is known as an expert shot and the father of the "Hoosier Shot," who won considerable fame at World's Fair for his remarkable skill with the rifle. Miss Wright was included in an invitation to visit the waterworks last October, and went with several friends. Mr. Long happened to mention, in a remin-iscent mood, how lonely he felt without his son, who had been such a treasure to him ity. He hied to the Landdrost, and the

Long Love Story of Two Lives Reaches Happy Climax in Boston. & & & &

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Boston, June 16.—After a courtship of three decades, the ocean being the barrier be-tween two loving hears, Abigail Stone and Abram Bostock are married. Thirty years will have passed with the ending of this month since Bostock and Miss Stone parted. The heads of both are now crowned

is the sort that one meets generally in nov-els, rarely in actual life.

Apigail Ann Stone and Abram Bostock were born on adjoining farms in Lancashire, England, and from their youth it was generally understood that they would marry each other. Now that the event has come, she is 48 years old, and he is three years further along in life. Bostock and Miss Stone were engaged when quite young, and arrange ments were in progress for their marriage when the man's father suddenly died, and what was thought to have been a good-sized fortune turned out to be but a shell of

Abigail's people were anything but rich, and the two saw their marriage postpone

and the two saw their marriage postponed indefinitely. Bostock resolved to come to America, and around Boston has he lived for all the long score and a half of years. The lovers wrote to each other constantly, but not until about a week ago did the man complete arrangements to have his intended bride come to him.

He has been working steadily in Fall River, and when he had saved enough to furnish a little house and provide for Abigall's fare he sent the money to her and told her to come. So when the Baxonia came in Abigall was on board.

But a letter had miscarried and she was not met at the landing, and it was not until he could be found that she could be allowed to go ashore. The scene when they met was most affecting, and it was not two hours after their meeting until a minister married them. Then they took a honeymoon trip to Fall River, and are there now.

A number of the Saxonia's officers, hearing of the romance, gave weedding presents.

# Had to Have Permit Before Buying Drink.

One of the Boer Regulations Which Greatly Annoyed Certain British Subjects.se se se

REPUBLIC SPECIAL. New York, June 16.—A resident of Allwal, South Africa, writing to a friend here says that while any Boer, if his fancy lightly turned toward thoughts of refreshment, could go to a bar without let or hindrance, it was not safe to extend the privilege to a Britisher. He had to obtain a permit from the Landdrost. Here is a literal translation

of one of these permits: Permission is hereby granted to Mr. - to obtain a drink at the Balmoral Hotel. Py order of

This did not suit the correspondent, who s ways.

him so much." he remarked, "in Permission is hereby given to Mr. — to pu



HE AT FIRST GAVE THE PERMIT TO MEET FROM 11 P. M. UN-

one that can take his place."
"Why can't I pose as a pupil?" said Miss
Wright, banteringly. Mr. Long invited her to call during his practice hours in the court yard of the waterworks. He never expected to see her again, and was much surprised when she called on him one day. said she wanted to take that lesson. Mr. Long gave to her the "lesson." He instructed her how to hold the gun and to aim in much the same manner that he

would instruct any novice.

sim in much the same manner that he would instruct any novice.

"Now, there is the target, and you have the sight," he explained: "do your worst."

Miss Wright placed the gun to her shoulder like an amateur and fired. The builet struck the buil's-eye. The distance was ten yards, and the shot was regarded by Mr. Long as merely a chance hit. Another shot was tried, and again the builet struck the buil's-eye. This at once inspired him to induce her to become a permanent pupil.

Before she had taken many lessons, Mr. Long discovered that Miss Wright was really the person that he had long been searching for. He taught her the various tricks of the business and he found her an extraordinarily apt pupil. Her latent talent was as much a surprise to Miss Wright as it was to her instructor. He remarked one thing about her shooting and that was that nearly all of her shots were what are technically termed "line shots." That is, they did not waver from the "sight," but were true and good. Her lessons included ten shots each, and in the sixth lesson she placed five shots in the black space, hitting the buil's eye three times and getting 112 out of a possible 129 in the score.

When she had taken eight lessons, Mr. Long was so confident of her ability that he asked her to shoot the ashes of a cigar held in his mouth at eight yards. This she did very successfuly, though she went through the test with considerable trepidation.

Miss Wright was in the meantime get-

through the test with considerable trepidation.

Miss Wright was in the meantime getting famous without looking for honors in
that or any other line. People used to
come around to the water works court yard
to see "the girl that shoots," and one day
a committee from the St. Boniface church
bazaar called on her and asked to give
an exhibition at their fair. Miss Wright
didn't think she was an attraction to be
featured, or that her skill was worthy of
a public exhibition, but she consented, and
her marksmanship, under the direction of
Mr. Long, created a sensation. This was her
first stage appearance, and among other
things she accomplished was the so-called
"trimming of the finger nails" at eight
yards. Mr. Long held candy disks in his
hand, and had Miss Wright shoot holes
through them. Then he lit a match and
she shot it out. She also snuffed a candle,
split a card and did things that made the
audience gape in wonderment and demand
a repitition.

After this, Mr. Long was so interested in

split a card and did things that made the audience gape in wonderment and demand. Teplitition.

After this, Mr. Long was so interested in his pupil that he insisted upon her taking regular lessons, and she gradually acquired great skill in mirror and various trick shooting. She finds the over-the-head position the easiest of them all.

Miss Wright has not yet shot 1,000 rounds of ammunitien and she had not disposed of 650 rounds when she gave her first stage exhibition. She doesn't know to what source to attribute her strangely developed talent. She had never had a gun in her hands until she spoke in a jocular way to Mr. Long and was as much surprised at her success as he was.

Miss Wright's father was a Colonel in the Royal Engineers, Ireland, and she was orn in the army, so to speak. She is an atractive young woman and the only denutenent of her profession is a broad brimmed Texas summer hat," which gives her a dedelly frontier appearance. Miss Wright as born in County Fernoy, Ireland, and etroit has been her home for ten years.

TIL MIDNIGHT. my shooting, and I don't seem to find any-chase a drink at any time and at any hotel, as long as he abides by the regulations of the law.

H. POTGIETER, Landsrost.

If, says the correspondent, he wanted to spend the evening with a friend and desired

to remain away from home after 10 o'clock at night, he again had to repair to the Landdrost, who, after being talked with nicely, would issue the following: Permission is hereby granted to Mr. — to return from the house of Mr. — to his own house up to 12 midnight on — date.

"Please note," he continues, " that you

"Please note," he continues, " that you have to mention where you are to spend your evening. The regulation about being in by a certain hour one can understand, but we fancy having to mention the house visited is a new departure in martial law. "St. Andrew's Day was a notable one for Scotchmen in Aliwal, who, including myself, numbered nine. We thought it would not do to let the day pass without a gathering of some kind. Surely St. Andrew would not be satisfied with less than a 'crack,' a song, a toast, a smoke, and a 'wee drapple,' but how were these luxuries to be indulged in? Nine persons tegether would have meant a visit from armed burghers, and a general arrest on suspicion of sedition, and all kinds of things against the Free State. There was nothing for it but another visit to our guardian angel (the Landdrost aforementioned.)

"The deputation asked permission to meet at the Balmoral at 11 o'clock for an hour, and the request was most graciously stranted. To show our Landdrost's re-

at the Balmoral at 11 o'clock for an hour, and the request was most graciously granted. To show our Landdrost's remarkable intelligence, not to mention his knowledge of Scotch ways, he at first gave the permit to meet from 11 p. m. until midnight. We had that altered to 11 a. m., and the amended permit then ran as follows:

Fermission is hereby granted to the Scotch residents of Aliwal North and their friends to neet together at the Balmoral Hotel on Nov. 28, 1859, until 15 noon."

"We had our gathering, and a most enjoyable one it proved to be."

# Air Worth \$1,000 Per Inch.

### Judge Gives a Verdict Against Owners of Building Which Projects Over the Line.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL. REPURLIC SPECIAL.

New York, June 16.—That the projection of a five-inch cornice damages adjoining property \$5,000 has been decided by Justice Lawrence in the Supreme Court. The ruit was by George Crocker of California against the Manhattan Life Insurance Company of No. 68 Broadway. Mr. Crocker owns the adjoining building, and alieged that the cornice energached upon his prop-

owns the adjoining building, and alleged that the cornice encroached upon his property and would interfere should be desire to raise his building. He sued to have a part of the northerly wall of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company's building taken down.

Upon the facts, as the principal encroachment is in the air, Justice Lawrence said of the opinion that the case was purely one for compensation. He points out that it would subject the defendant to much expense to take down the wall, without conferring any corresponding benefit on the plaintiff, and enjoins the insurance company from having the swinsing shutters and cornices on its building, should Crocker decide to raise his building or erect another high structure.

cide to raise his building or erect another high structure.

The plaintiff must, should the defendant pay the \$5,000, abandon any claim for uncroachment, and the defendant must make no claim for possession for the time its cornices and shutters remain as at present. Should the plaintiff decline to give title on receipt of the \$5,000 the injunction falls and Crocker will have to recover damages in an action at law.

### Whipped Wildcat With Bare Hands.

Penosylvania Man Found the Brute's Kittens and Had to Fight for His Life.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL

Pittsburg, Pa., June 16.-In the Moosic Mountains, several miles east of this city.

P. Reddington, a well-known resident of
this city, had a thrilling experience. In
rambling through the wools he discovered what he supposed to be a trio of kittens The heads of both are now crowned with while inspecting the young family he was silvery hair, and the romance of their lives suddenly attacked from behind by a huge is the sort that one meets generally in nov-wildcat, which sprang upon his back, sink-

ing her claws into his body.

Then followed a terrible struggle. Reddington, who was unarmed, had nothing but nature's weapons with which to battle with the infurlated beast. The latter was finally overcome, but not before Reddington sustained several serious fiesh wounds about the head and body.

### Lincoln Carter's Hero Stunt.

#### Author of Curdling Melodramas Had to Take the Leading Man's Part, and Made a Hit.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL. Chicago, Ili., June 16.—Mr. Lincoln J. Car-ter, inventor of stage ship disasters, rali-way wrecks, theatrical fires, and, incidental-ly, author of plays in which these effects are included, made an unexpected return to the stage in the role of a hero of melodrama, and for three days Halsted street talked of nothing else. Mr. Carter not only played the part, but sacrificed a beard with



It was here that Mr. Carter rose supremely to the occasion.

which he has been identified for some years, and, bringing enthusiasm to hear, almost disfigured the face of the villain with whom the hero has an encounter in

"Can Carter act?" repeated a Halsted "Can Carter act." repeated a hastest street critic, whose opinion was sought by a reporter. "Why, this here Maurice Barrymore is a kid beside him. There's no fake about Carter's acting—it's strong, and he makes the points well. He handed it to that villain right from the shoulder—regular soakers—one, two, three, and no behind-become along ticks business to deceive. the-scenes-slap-sticks business to deceive Carter's all right, all right-why, he's a bet-ter actor than Billy Elmer, who played the pugllist in 'Sporting Life.'"

when, the other evening, the hero of Mr. Carter's play, "The Eleventh Hour," de-clared himself out of condition for the clared himself out of condition for the night performance in the Bijon Theater, the distracted managers sought out the author and made known their plight. To have closed the house would have meant the loss of a large sum of money. There was no understudy. Mr. Carter viewed the situation with admirable caim. Then he announced that he would himself play Joe Manly, the honest sawmill man, and, without so much as a soliloquy over its loss, he hied himself to a near-by barber shop and had his beard removed. When the curtain rose Joe Manly came upon the stage in a boat without oars and made his appearance before an audience expecting to be thrilled and finding a fine realization of the expectations.

boat without oars and made his appearance before an audience expecting to be thrilled and finding a fine realization of the expectations.

It is no light task to play the here in "The Eleventh Hour"—beside it the part of Orlando is triffing. Thus a young man, who lives in De Kalb County, and who is affianced to Susan Hackett, the daughter of a farmer, has some very busy moments in the course of the drama.

Old man Hackett, who has been spending some days in Chicago, returns early in the play, bringing with him \$150,000 in greenbacks, which is a part of a vast fortune to which he has fallen heir. It is this package that causes most of the trouble in "The Eleventh Hour," since it is mistakenly thrown into the river in the first act and upon being recovered furnishes the motive of a murder by a villain. The latter, Benjamin Fowler, penetrates old man Hackett's bedroom by night, jabs him with a biudgeon in the forehead and then seeks to fasten the crime on Joe Manly. He falls in this, but later, when Manly comes to Chicago to deposit the \$150,000 in a safety deposit vault, retraps him in a den near the Rush Street Bridge, and while he is a prisoner has "Doby Dick," a disreputable character, who robbed the Northwestern Railroad, impersonate the honest young hero. So well does "Doby Dick," do this that he deceives even the trusting sweetheart. The truth is that the same actor plays both the hero and "Doby Dick" and it was, therefore, necessary for Mr. Carter to lead a double life in the play, which accounts for the necessity of parting with his beard.

The principal sensation is found in the final act, the scene being "the house of a millionaire at No. 212 Michigan avenue." This house has been rented by Benjamin Fowler, and there he has taken Susan Hackett, and proposes to marry her. While choking an adventuress to death—one of the mere incidents of the drama—Benjamin Fowler learns that sold him that he is needed at the home of the millionaire, at No. 213 Michigan avenue. Somebody also summons the police. In about tw

summons the police. In about two minutes Joo Manly and the villain are brought face to face, and there is nothing to do but fight.

It was here that Mr. Carter rose supremely to the occasion. The apartment is inxuriously, even gandily, furnished with an extravagant display of brie-a-brac. In the struggle the two men demolish everything on the stage and even manage to shatter the \$50,000 chandeller. When the customary actor is playing the part the fight is really a cleverly simulated trick. But Mr. Carter, appearing for this season, only, quite forgot himself.

After having cleaned out the apartment he selzed the person of the villain and unmercifully pummeled him. There has been nothing like it for realism in Chicago outside of Tattersalls. By the time Mr. Carter has blackened the eyes of the villain the audience has risen as one man, and the policemen in the back of the house began to look uneasy. Finally, just as the gifted author of the many thrillers had apparently decided to hit the villain one good one for luck, other characters appeared and caused him to desist. The curtain went down amid general enthusiasm, and the news that the Bijou villain was properly thumped spread all over Haisted street and has been the best advertisement Mr. Carter could ask. But the villain declares that if the author again goes into the opposite part he will at once resign. He showed traces of his hard usage.

Business Manager Hanks, who conducts the Bijou in his shirt sleeves, declared that Mr. Carter was making the mistake of his life in not regularly acting in his plays.

"He has more popular qualities than any actor who ever appeared in my house." he said. "He gives 'em what they want."

# Small Boy Took a Walk in His Sleep.

Small Boy Took a Walk in His Sleep.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Elizabeth, N. J., June 16.—Elmer Rash, 6 years old, who lives in No. 65 Fourth street, got out of bed shortly after midnight, pushed open a window opening on the front porch and wandered out into the town, fast asleep. About 1:20 a. m., the boy was missed, and his parents jumped at the conclusion he had been kidnaped. The police were informed, and, with the distracted parents, searched high and low until after daylight without finding any trace of the boy. Then they found him toddling along in an unfrequented part of the city. He had just awakened and was coming home,

## Duke Loses Suit--Lawyer Keeps Cash.

Latest Echo of a Celebrated Legal Procedure, and Several Scandals. & & &

New York, June 16.—In the suit brought by Arthur Charles Eugene Duke D'Auxy to recover \$3,500 from Ovide Dupre, the law-yer, who acted for him in collecting the amount to which the Duchess D'Auxy was

entitled from the estate of her father, F.
G. Lawar, and her former husband, Robert
W. Soutter, the lawyer won. The Duke is
ordered to pay the costs of the suit. The Duke alleged that Dupre, relying on his ignorance of the American code of legal procedure, insisted on an arrangement by which he was to keep nil he collected over \$1,500. He said Dupre collected nearly \$4,000, and only handed over \$1,250 to him.

ever \$1.500. He said Dupre collected nearly \$4.000, and only handed over \$1.250 to him. He placed the value of the lawyer's services at \$250 and sued for the balance.

The Duchess took the stand against her husband, whom she is suing for an absolute diverce on statutory grounds. Dugre filed a counter claim, in which he asked for judgment in his favor of \$2.010 for legal services catside those given by him in the Lamar-Soutter entate business. These services included arranging for the Duke's election as president of "Le Circle de la Noblesse," a New Jersey corporation inaugurated for the purpose of supplying impecunious European hoblemen with American helresses as brides, on a strict commission basis. The Duke got a block of stock in the company and a promise of \$25 a week to sustain his dignity as president. Whether he ever got his salary did not come out in the evidence. Dupre also hought about a couple of reconciliations between the Duke and Duchess, when they quarreled over the young woman who figures as co-respondent in the divorce suit brought by the Duchess. He also had considerable trouble in hunting up a couple of old meerschaum pipes which the Duke left in the house of his wife, when she chased him out.

# Paid His Debts With His Life.

### The Secret of James Walkley's Suicide Revealed After Three Months of Mystery.

New York, June 15.-"I know that this is a hard thing to do, but it is the only way I can see to get things straightened out. It will make talk, but I had rather do this and have everybody paid in full than to go around and feel that I owe this and that one money."

So James Walkley wrote to his friend and

business partner, Adrian Hegeman, before he put a bullet into his brain at Bath Beach, on March 4. He died in order that his debts might be paid out of the money his family would get from the societies in which his life was insured. The fact did not become known until to-day, because of the trouble experienced in collecting the insur-ance money.

become known until to-day, because of the trouble experienced in collecting the insurance money.

His last wishes have been carried out and to-day James Waikley's name stands free and clear from all debts. He paid them with his life.

Waikley was in the real estate business in Bath avenue, near Bay Twentieth street, Bath Beach. He was spectary of the Gravesend Bay Yacht Club and a popular resident of the Beach. He lived with a Mrs. Brown, in Bay Twenty-second street, and was always to be found at the social gatherings at the resort.

Business had long been poor and he brooded considerably over the fact. In order to tide over his financial difficulties he borrowed money from many of his friends, among them Judge Cornelius Furgueson, Magistrate A. V. B. Voorhees and William G. Morrisey, a local real estate dealer. He was always in hope that he would make a sale and thus be able to meet all these debts.

But as time passed and no sale was made

was always in hope that he would make a sale and thus be able to meet all these debts.

But as time passed and no sale was made he became worried and moody. He complained frequently to those from whom he had borrowed that he was unable to pay his indebtedness. Without an exception these friends assured Walkely that he need not worry. They offered to lend him more money, but he refused their offers.

On the morning of March 5 Walkley was found dead in his bed, a revolver by his side and a bullet hole in his head. A letter addressed to Mr. Hegeman was found in the room, but the contents of it were not made public until the time when the insurance money on Walkley's life having been paid and his debts settled, it was shown to some of the dead man's closest friends.

The letter read as follows:

March 4, 1902.—Friend Ad.: This will probably be the last you will hear from me. There is no use trying, I am so deeply in debt I cannot see my way through. We cannot seem to get a sale through, and something has got to be done, and I can see no other way. I am tired of struggling along trying to keep my head above water.

cannot seem to get a sale through, and something has got to be done, and I can see no other way. I am tired of struggling along trying to keep my head above water.

My insurance will pay all my debts and leave something over. My Royal Arcanum is made out to my mother, but my \$2,690 in the Fraternal Order of Connecticut is made out to my will, and in my will, which Judge Fergueson has, it says after what I owe is paid the rest is to be divided up between my two sisters.

Now, I want every debt paid, so that nothing will come on you. I don't want to have it said that I owed anybody. I want every penny paid, and I know that my mother will, if there is not enough in the other insurance, see that it is paid from her fund. I know she would not want me to owe anybody. You will find my two insurance policies in my trunk.

Ad. I know this is a hard thing to do, but it is the only way that I can see my way to get things straightened out. It will make talk, but I had rather do this and have everybody paid in full than to go around and feel that I owe this and that one money. People will say that I am a fool to do it, and perhaps I am, but I will be honorable at least, and do what I can to straighten things out.

I have thought of this a good while, but thought I would be able to turn myself, but I cannot see now anything in view, so the best way is to go. The business is all in my name, as you know, so they cannot come on you for a cent. Now, I want you to go right on, and I wish you all the success possible.

I wish to be burried by the Masons and in the same plot with my wife. Now, I will say good-by, and may God bless you. I wall give you my mother's and sisters' addresses; also, the treasurer of the Fraternal Order of Connecticut, William T. Hartwell, No. 28 East. Washington avenue, Bridgeport, Conn. My sisters. Mrs. Charles Stoddard, No. 184 Spring street, New Haven, Conn. and Mrs. Thomas S. Osborn, No. 21 Walker, No. 164 Spring street, New Haven, Conn. and Mrs. Thomas S. Osborn, No. 22 Merwin Street, Norwalk, Conn.



offered to lend him more money, but he refused their offers.

letter by his friends and mother. His body was buried in Greenwood Cemetery along-side that of his wife, who died many years

## How One Man Rose in Art Needlework the Railroad Business of Olden Times.

Some Interesting Chapters in the Varied Career of Cearlie Keyes of the Union Pacific. # #

REPUBLIC SPECIAL. Denver, June 18.—The recent appointment of C. B. Keyes, as Assistant Superintendent of the Union Pacific Railroad has occaned the retelling of many of his unique

railroading. Keyes is an old Denver boy and was probably the youngest conductor ever em-ployed on a Colorado railroud. "Farmer John" Lawton, a veteran telegraph opera-tor, tells this story: "Eack in 1875, Keyes was a very small messenger boy employed at Junction City, Kan. An election night came. Charife was kept up all night carry-ing press dispatches, and toward evening the next day be became weary, and after delivering a message at the big corn ele-vator, climbed into a car just loaded with shelled corn to cest a few minutes. he awoke, twenty-four hours later, that car of corn was being switched onto the sidetrack at Hugo, Colo., then the superintendent's headquarters of the Union Paci-fic. Charlie's honest face and the first words he spoke to Colonel C. W. Fisher. at that time the superintendent, convinces at that time the superintendent, convinced the official that the boy had not intention-ally beaten his way, for the first thing Charlie asked was if he could be allowed to send a message to his mother, so the people of Junction City would not be drag-sing the ponds in search of his body and alarming his mother.

"The Colonel became interested in the



C. B. KEYES. Assistant Superintendent Union Pacific.

Assistant Superintendent Union Pacific.

kid, and asked him what he could do. Charlie repited that he could telegraph a little, hoe potatoes first rate and might be able to plow corn with a little practice, but very naturally refrained from saying he could carry messages without occasionally becoming latigued. Finally Colonel Fisher scratched his head a few times, as though trying to locate a corn field or a potato patch within 200 miles of Hugo, said: Young man, you are just the man I am looking for. Take this pass, run down to kit Carson and report to-morrow morning, as conductor for our Las Animas branch. Instead of finding himself boss of a full train crew, he found what appeared to him to be a very small boy in the locomotivo cab and no once else in sight.

The supposed little boy in the cab yelled out in a very strong manly tone: Get aboard, youngster, if you're going to do business on this lightning express. Charlie sprang into the caboose, but at the first stop, which was at the old water tank known as the Buffalo Wallow, eighteen miles south of Kit Carson, Charlie ventured forward and asked the little boy who was shoveling coal into the puffing engine where he could find the engineer. That was too much for the little man. Hounding out of the cab like a rubber ball, he said: Why, you young tenderfoot, I am old enough to be your daddy, if I am only four feet high, and if you will agree to boost me back up in that cab after I lick you, I will do right away.

"But Charlie made the necessary apologies, and he and the engineer became fast friends and continued to run that train until the road was abandoned in 1877, and the rails and ties taken up and moved down into Kansas for a branch. Then Charlie was transferred to the dispatcher's office at Hugo and little Paddy McGill was given a brand new mogul on the Smoky Hill division of the main line. He is still running on the Kansas Pacific, and pulis their fast Kansas City express out or into Denver every day.

"If Keyes and McGill could be induced to give their experiences during the years they ran that mixed train, composed of two boxes, a flat and way car, across the eastern Colorado desert it would make a

loxes, a flat and way car, across the eastern Colorado desert it would make a very interesting book.

"About their worst enemies were the buffalo. Large herds were continually crossing the track and were never in a hurry to move on. At first Paddy was inclined to buck them by turning on a full head of steam and aending the old engine crashing into their ranks. But after his first experience with this he came to a few days later to find himself and Charlle in a nice clean ward of the Union Pacific Hospital, and heard the nurses telling inquiring friends that they had strong hopes of the loys pulling through, but that they had received a pretty hard shaking up in their late collision.

"Paddy came to the conclusion that bucking snow and a large herd of buffalo were entirely different propositions, but his staying qualities were good, and he proposed that the next time they would put the old engine behind and back into 'em, but here Charlie didn't like the plan. He had a better one. He inserted an advertisement calling people's attention to the myrlads of buffalo still roaming over the plains east of town, lat three months buffalo hunters had to look elsewhere for game than along the K. C. & L branch.

"But another hidden foe was buried in the sand that only required the warm spring days of 1876 to bring out and cause the boys all kinds of grief. This was the days of 1876 to bring out and cause the boys all kinds of grief. This was the grusshopper plague. Anyone who lived in Colorado in that year and remembers how the sun was obscured by these pests, can readily imagine what a task it must have been to operate a railroad where the hoppers were plied up six and eight inches deep on the rails. Had they only been in patches Paddy's idea of bucking everything in front of him would have succeeded, but they were all along the line. Charlie tried the advertisement racket in order to induce the People who wished to go into the poultry business to actile along the K. C. & L., but these brought no relief. It may have been that hoppers were just as plentiful in other sections of the State, anyhow it didn't work.

"After this Charlie tried connecting the wires to the rails in hopes that the electric current would cause them to give up their hold upon the Union Pacific property, but the little chaps seemed to enjoy the tleking sensation and only held on the closer. Finally the hoys gave up as whipped, and would only venture out with their train days when the wind blew hard enough for the hoppers to rise and seek new fields of destruction.

"One of these venturesome trips the wind fooled them and they ran into a cut so full of grasshoppers was all they saw for the seven days they were compelled to lay in that cut, and he guessed that was about all they had to eat. But Paddy has since denied this, and says one day he spied a nice, fat frog in the tank, and he didn't think justice called for him divying up with Charlie as long as he had to dive in order to secure a little dessert to go with his hopper meat."

Broke Down While Making a Gigantic Flag.

Broke Down While Making a Gigantic Flag.

Multord has broken down as a result of her labor and anxiety in making the largest American flag in the world, and has been taken to a hospital, suffering from nervous prostration. Miss Mulford hoped to present the flag to the nation, and to gain through the means of wining out a mortence of

Alexander W. Drake Has Spent Many Years on & & & His Collection of "Samplers."

REPUBLIC SPECIAL New York, June 16.—One of the most in-teresting collections of curios in this city is a collection of samples made by Alexander W. Drake, the art manager of The Century Magazine and St. Nicholas Mr. Drake has been gathering these sampiers for many years-from the time when people were glad to sell them to him for 50 cents or a dollar—and has educated the public taste in this direction until now he frequently pays a dealer who picks up a good one for him \$10 or \$15.

The ordinary sampler is a simple bit of coarse canvas, with the alphabet embroidered more or less, and usually less, ar-tistically upon it. Mr. Drake's samplers are, some of them, marvels of fine needle-work and wonderfully beautiful in color,

work and wonderfully beautiful in color, and some are excellent in design. The beauty of the color tones may be due somewhat to age, but not altogether, and the finest samplers, when framed, are really beautiful.

Mr. Drake takes a particular delight in needlework of this kind. A rag carpet appeals to him, if it is the old-fashioned rag carpet, made of the fragments of many gowns of many people, a little tapestry in which is written the story of human lives. And it has an artistic charm also, for it, like the old braided mat, fades with age to a soft harmony of shades that has attractions all its own.

His idea in beginning the collection of needlework was to furnish a sewing-room which would be an ideal apartment of its kind, and this he will undoubtedly do some time. The samplers, appropriately framed, will line the walls, and over the mantel will be some really fine piece of needlework.

The collection now numbers over a hun-

will be some really fine piece of needlework.

The collection now numbers over a hundred samplers of many kinds. They date
from about the Hevolutionary period to
later years, and have been collected
throughout the length and breadth of the
country from Canada to the Guif of Mexico. Many of them have been gifts from
people who happened to possess a single
fine sampler. Some have been picked up
by dealers, and Mr. Drake has found many
himself.

Much more than the letters is put on
elaborate samplers. There are marvelous
things in the way of designs. There are
fancy stitches of all kinds, numerals, and in
many samplers beautiful borders, while the
natural history display of peculiar dogs
cats, birds, chickens, and gamboling
lambs, with houses and trees overshadowed
by the animals, is marvelous. Maps were
at one time done on canvas, and Mr. Drake
has a fine copy of King Solomon's Temple
in fine needlework.

**Lived Comfortably** on 30 Cents a Day.

> Young Stranger in New York Tells His Experience on the Bowery. It It It It

REPUBLIC SPECIAL New York, June 16.—There is a man in New York who has been living on 30 cents a day, and declares he was extravagant at that; he might have lived cheaper. He is a young college graduate, and just now is in a position where he can afford better living. This is how he tells of his 30-a-day experience:

"I came to New York fresh from college and with small capital. I believed that with my college education I could succeed.



"How much?" I asked. "Putta on." was the reply.

things in the way of designs. There are fancy stitches of all kinds, numerals, and in many samplers beautiful borders, while the natural history display of peculiar dogs cats, birds, chickens, and gamboling lambs, with houses and trees overshadowed by the animals is marvelous. Maps were at one time done on canvas, and Mr. Drake has a fine copy of King Solomon's Temple in fine needlework.

Trying to Make

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Chicago Boniface Attempts a Singular Picce of Grafting and Claims Success.

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REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Chicago, June 16.—Andy Connors, whose roadhouse is at Harlem avenue and Madison street, is making a strange experiment. This is no more nor less than an effort to I felt sure that I would obtain a foothold



# THE BLACKSNAKE, OF COURSE, HAD ALL THE BEST OF IT.

graft the resounding tail of a rattlesnake upon the body of a black serpent of the constrictor family.

The amputation and adjustment were made a week ago. The head of his assorted snakeship is alive. There can be no doubt about that, for his vicious and spiteful tongue is ever on the move. But there is some doubt about that, for his vicious and spiteful tongue is ever on the move. But there is some doubt about the vitality of the tail. Comnors, who made the experiment more out of curiosity than for any other reason, maintains that he has been successful and that his discovery gives him a standing in the filustrious circle of scientists. This is what he says:

"A kid out here had the tip of his little finger cut off by an electric car. It was replaced by a doctor and within a month the stump and the severed tip knitted themselves together. The finger is now as good as anybody's. That set me to thinking. I had a pet rattlesnake which I used to passout to men when they felt bad. Then fiteve flarrett caught a blacksnake at Riverside and the thought came to me that even it the snakes were as cold blooded as a Chicago avenue street car conductor I could splice them and have something out of the ordinary. A blacksnake with rattles would le like a horse with claws, and so I started in to cut them up so that the two bodies would fit. The blacksnake, of course, had all the best of it. He simply lost his tail. The rattlesnake sacrificed his head to make a noisy rudder for his distant relative. Within a week or so I expect to have a snake that will upset Harlem and give the Town Board a fright. It is the biggest piece of grafting anybody ever saw out here."

Research Figure 1. The suger of the day. Por 10 course some can and do live cheaper on the Bowery than for any other reason, and used to cents left as pocket money when I secured my present position. "Of course some can and do live cheaper on the Bowery than I did, but I paid my way and considering the money spent, I lived in comparative luxury."

## Begged Firemento Save Her Teeth.

Hysterical New York Woman Made an Odd Request at a Critical Moment. # # #

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, June 16.—While firemen were engaged in fighting flames which had broken out in the three-story brown-stone building at 20 West One Hundred and twenty-fifth street, a woman, evidently in great excitement and fear, rushed up to the fire

"Save them! Oh, please, Mister, save them!" she cried. "They'll be burned up sure if you don't bring them out!"

sure if you don't bring them out!"

And then she began to weep and lament in heart-breaking fashion.

"Where are your children, madam?" sa'd one of the firemen. "What floor are they on and in what room?"

"They're in the dentist's office on the second floor," sobbed the woman, "and they'll surely be burned—boo-hoo-boo—and I was to have 'em for to-morrow—boo-hoo-hoo-hoo wear 'em to church and to a dinner at a friend's."

The firemen stood amazed and for a moment forgot that there was a fire.

"Wear 'em to church and to dinner?" gasped one. "Your children?"

"Who said children?" demanded the weeping Nlobe. "They ain't children—they're teeth, they're my set of false teeth the dentist promised to have repaired for me by to-morrow, and I must have them. Oh, please save them before they're burned up.

"What the firemen said would not look well

Total

"I had started out with \$10 and a top coat worth \$50. At the latter end of my life on the Bowery. I pawned the coat for \$2. So after my five weeks' experience I still had \$2 cents left as pocket money when I secured my present position.

"Of course some can and do live cheaper on the Bowery than I did, but I paid my way and considering the money spent, I lived in comparative luxury."

# "Weary Willie" Now an Indian King.

An American Tramp Leads an Uprising of the # # # Natives of Yucatan.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

City of Mexico, June 15.—A Guatemalan correspondent writes: "There was a revolt in Yucatan recently against the Government of Mexico. It was supposed to be a rising of indians—of the cid people of the race which built Mayapan and the other lost cities of that region. The man who led the uprising was not a Maya at all. His name is George Harris, and no doubt there is an interesting story behind the role he has assumed at present.

"Harris came to Belize as a roustabout on a banana steamer over three years ago. He looked exactly like the "Weary Willie" caricatures one sees on the variety stage and in the comic weekites, and he boldly declared that he didn't propose to do a lick of any kind of work. He said that if no was not fed he would starve and disgrace the community. That passed as a joke for awhile, but finally the people got tired of him, and he found it advisable to migrate "up the coast."

"Harris next appeared with a party of Santa Ciara Indians who came down to sell some makegany and logwood. He said he was regarded as a personage of importance. He is now head man of a tribe of several thousand which has figured prominently in the recent uprising. I believe he comes from Detroit, Mich. It is certainly a strange freak of fate that a lazy, goodnatured American tramp should eventually turn up as the leader of a band of hostile Indians and an embryo pation makes.